THE NEW REPUBLIC

"We Are All So Happy"

Helen Fuller Reports on the "Sit-Ins"

Reforming the Public Schools

Christopher Jencks

De Gaulle in Washington

Jean Daniel

Good for Maggie

Gerald W. Johnson

April 25, 1960, 25 cents

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T.R.B. *from Washington*

Nixon Has It

★ The question is: Is Nixon in real trouble, or just passing trouble? To raise the question at all at this stage is extraordinary, and yet all Washington is discussing it. It seems to go back, basically, to the fact that people don't really like Nixon. It carries that deadly political connotation, "Nixon can't win." Yet assuming there is some basis for the idea, there comes the second point: Can the Republican state leaders – the old pros, the men who control delegations – drop Nixon at this point? If so it would be a political miracle. No candidate in history, we think, has come as far as Nixon and been dropped.

The softness in the Nixon candidacy is apparent in several ways. Polls show him behind Kennedy; *Wall Street Journal* correspondents report he is still distrusted; Rockefeller begins to make new, competitive motions; Republican columnists say critical things; the *Denver Post* demands an alternative; and suddenly all Nixon's friends babble advice to go in and fight.

Well, we aren't convinced. Consider the evidence. Opinion polls at this stage aren't reliable; wait till after the convention. The GOP writers will see the light fast enough if Nixon is nominated. Rockefeller, we think, surrendered too soon; it's hard to haul down the white flag after pulling it up. Above all, Nixon has the convention clinched, we assume.

A Rockefeller challenge now wouldn't be a case of Eisenhower beating the Old Guard and Taft in 1952; it would be the unsuccessful challenge of Teddy Roosevelt against the Old Guard and President Taft in 1912.

We have always rated Nixon's political acumen high and think he can take most of these hurdles to the nomination in stride. But there is one exception – the GOP Radical Right. Barry Goldwater is as far to the Right as a man can get without being a crackpot, and he is already warning Nixon against being "too liberal." The old Taft-isolationist group is currently showing its death-wish by trying to replace able young Senator Clifford Case (R, N.J.) by a *Chicago-Tribune* type conservative, Robert Morris (former counsel of Pat McCarran's old witch-hunt). We assume they will fail; in any case, you will know the result when you read this, for the New Jersey primary comes April 19.

Another Moscow Victory

★ In 1954 a brilliant young mathematician, Chandler Davis (27), refused to answer questions of the House Un-American Activities Committee. He is now serving six months for contempt. His absence is a tragedy to American science, his employer tells Thomas Ottenad of the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*. Davis helped the American Mathematical Society select, channel and abstract Soviet periodicals on pure mathematic research to assist American competition (a process slowed by his absence). America's loss is Moscow's gain.

Two Old Pros

★ One of our happiest hours recently came in watching a strange passage between two incongruous Senators, Everett Dirksen and Estes Kefauver. For some reason Minority Leader Dirksen has taken on himself the burden of defending America's medical and pharmaceutical interests for the Republican Party. The civil rights ordeal has left him looking a bit haggard, and there are even traces of hysteria in his voice – twice recently he used the epithet "stinking" in shouting matches over the Democrats' Forand bill. Now, with the same fine frenzy, he came over to the investigation of the huge profits of the drug industry being currently explored by the plodding Kefauver.

Any utterance of Dirksen fills us with delight as being the way Wilkins Macawber might declaim Shakespeare. Dirksen arrived with a blistering statement and determination to create a scene. But he requires opposition; to be airborne he needs a long runway and a headwind.

Alas, he faced one of the most wooden antagonists in the Senate. Senator Kefauver's long equine head, owl-like glasses and invisible coonskin cap did not move. Dirksen raised his mellifluous voice and wagged the remnants of his curly hair. Kefauver sat like an absent-minded doorpost. Again and again the emotional Dirksen set lance and charged – the protector of doctors and druggists. Milder and more limp came Kefauver's languid response, always introduced with an infuriating pause and inquiry if the distinguished Senator from Illinois were finished? Assured by the fuming Dirksen that he was temporarily through, Kefauver deprecatingly repeated his damning statistics, his voice never changing, and continuing with the iteration of a leaky faucet. Dirksen, who has the face of a lost angel, writhed in distaste – like an alcoholic offered a bowl of warm milk. This continued for an hour or so, while unfortunate witnesses waited and other Senators occasionally interrupted. Finally Dirksen stopped trying to fire Roman candles into this pile of damp sawdust. The two veterans (who had hitherto hardly exchanged glances) softly turned at the end and grinned. Each acknowledged the past mastery of the other old pro.

Ben Hur Rides Again

★ We were taken to see *Ben Hur* last week by a gaggle of school girls. The prize Hollywood production of the year began at two and lasted till six, and in this interval we learned that Jerusalem in the 1st Century AD sported a hippodrome the size of Pimlico. Our man, Ben Hur, came through the chariot race in fine style, even though his opponent had affixed rotating scythes on his hub caps which chewed right through the spokes of his rivals' wheels. (Why the other dopes hadn't thought of this neat trick we don't know!) If you see this Bible Spectacular we are sure you will be pleased at the intercessionary miracle that instantly cures Ben Hur's mother and sister of leprosy, but bothered perhaps (as we were) by the memory of all the less fortunate lepers whose plight the picture hideously emphasizes. Hollywood's happy ending just leaves them to rot.

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The Mouse Comes Forth

If it has not already done so by the time this is printed, the House of Representatives will very shortly formally acquiesce in the Senate amendments and Congress, having labored mightily, will transmit a completed civil rights bill to the President. According to Senator Dirksen, Mr. Eisenhower is "happy." He ought to be. A President who still declines to endorse the *School Segregation Cases* can sign the Civil Rights Act of 1960 in good conscience.

Of the bill's several provisions, the only ones of consequence relate to voting. Local election officials henceforth will be required to keep registration and related records for 22 months, so that they may be available for inspection by federal officials. This may in some measure discourage local voting officials from indulging in the most overt forms of discrimination – but it is distinctly possible that it will simply encourage sophisticated inequities and sophisticated means of camouflage. To the extent that the requirement makes it easier for federal investigators to gather evidence, the Department of Justice should be able in coming years to improve on the scrawny record of four law suits initiated under the 1957 Act – should be, that is, if the Attorney General of the future is ready to translate into action the commitment to an untrammeled franchise which Mr. Rogers has verbalized with such feeling during the last several weeks.

The meager number of law suits brought under the 1957 Act is one ground for doubting the bona-fides of Mr. Rogers' expressed determination to extend the franchise beyond the 25 percent of eligible Negro voters now actually registered throughout the South. Another is Mr. Rogers' resistance to incorporating in the 1960 Act procedures calculated to produce within the foreseeable future substantial registration of Southern Negroes. With a staunchness that would have done credit to a nobler objective, the Attorney General successfully fended off proposals by the President's Civil Rights Commission – and refined by Senator Javits, Senator Douglas and other champions of effective legislation – for statutory authority for the appointment of federal "voting registrars" in areas where discrimination is rife. Such officials could have registered for participation in federal elections unregistered Negroes who meet legitimate eligibility standards for local voting. In place of the registrar plan Mr. Rogers fought for and won Congressional acceptance of a "voting referee" plan: Referees appointed by federal judges will be empowered to register qualified Negroes for voting in federal and local elections – *under the conditions that* (1)

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the Justice Department wages to a victorious conclusion a law suit arising under the 1957 Act in which the federal judge is persuaded that a "pattern" of discrimination is being carried out by local voting officials, and (2) each would-be Negro registrant demonstrate that he has tried unsuccessfully to get the discriminating local officials to register him. The record of suits brought by the Justice Department thus far is hardly persuasive that the referee system will prove an avenue to widespread progress soon. And especially not when one superimposes on the contingencies of a law suit a requirement that Negro registrants invite the antagonism of local officials as the price of federal protection.

The 1960 Act as passed is silent on school integration except in one minor respect: federal Health, Education and Welfare officials may work out with local officials arrangements for educating children of military personnel stationed in areas where public schools have been closed because of local resistance to integration.

Failing of passage were proposals to endorse the principle of the *School Segregation Cases* or to provide federal technical assistance to school systems seeking in good faith to comply with the Supreme Court's mandate. (Figures published by the *Southern School News* within the past two weeks show that in 17 Southern and border states and the District of Columbia only six percent of Negro children are enrolled in integrated classes; six percent integration in the six years since "separate-but-equal" schooling was outlawed!) The Congress likewise declined to authorize the Attorney General to assume as a public responsibility the bringing of suits to enjoin any abridgement of the Constitution's equal protection clause, including continued resistance to school desegregation. Crucial to the failures of these proposals was the reluctance of the Administration to press for their adoption, even though from time to time the technical assistance plan and the proposal for vesting expanded authority in the Attorney General were formal parts of one or another Administration civil rights "package."

Unfortunately, the 1960 Act is also minus a provision to which the Administration was attached – language giving statutory foundation to the Commission on Equal Job Opportunity under Government Contracts, which now functions, by Presidential directive, under the guidance of Vice President Nixon. The Administration's stake in the "Nixon provision" dictated its demise at the hands of the Democratic majority.

"Outlawing Threats or Force"

The one section of the new law which may be somewhat helpful is that making it a crime to obstruct the enforcement of federal court orders "by threats or force." It is likely that federal judges could already, through the contempt power, do much of what the provision contemplates; but statutory language may serve to stiffen the judicial backbone. Originally, this part of the bill was limited to the policing of court orders in school cases, but skillful Southern leadership sought to generalize the prohibition in order to make it unpalatable to labor unions, which have an historic allergy to federal injunctions. (And indeed the tactic almost worked – at an earlier stage the entire provision, having been broadened, was stricken by an unusual combination of Southerners and Northern liberals.)

The numerous bombings of Southern synagogues and churches in 1959 are responsible for that section of the 1960 Act which contemplates a category of new federal crimes – transporting explosives across state lines for bombing purposes; fleeing across state lines to avoid prosecution for bombing; and using the mails, telegraph or telephone to transmit bombing threats. Apart from their political wholesomeness, the main utility of these provisions is to bring the FBI promptly into play to supplement local police investigations.

The Pattern Is Not New

There is much which will some day be learned by careful reconstruction of just how this mouse was brought forth, just why it was that the measure finally adopted is, in Senator Clark's words, "only a pale ghost of our hopes last fall." The basic truths are plain: As noted last week, Lyndon Johnson and Everett Dirksen were, for various but reconcilable reasons, anxious to produce something called a "Civil Rights Act" which did not push Senator Russell and his colleagues very hard. And in the House, Representative Halleck and Speaker Rayburn were likewise hesitant to make life more difficult for Virginia's Howard Smith and his loyal band than was absolutely necessary. The pattern is not new; as Senator McNamara (D, Mich.) somewhat bitterly summarized the performance:

"Right from the very beginning of the so-called civil rights fight of 1960, the exact course the events would take had been freely predicted. First, the Senate, in keeping with the promises made last year, would have civil rights before it for debate by February 15. This took place on schedule. There followed weeks of debate, with all the trimmings – including dramatic efforts to crush a filibuster, by keeping the Senate in around-the-clock sessions.

"But when 31 of us signed a petition – after weeks of talk – to invoke cloture and really crush the filibuster, both the majority leader and minority leader threw their weight against us. . . . We all knew that the filibuster and the dramatics were really only window dressing. They were a show for the passing throng. They meant absolutely nothing, because what the mighty Senate really was awaiting was passage of a weak civil rights bill by the House."

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The Question of Bigotry

Much is being written and more is to come about "bigotry" and the Kennedy candidacy. The view that a politician should be penalized because of his religious affiliation has been criticized unreservedly by this and other publications. It has been noted that the Senator's position on church-state separation is clear and unexceptionable. Indeed, in his understandable effort to avoid any reasonable reproach on this score, Mr. Kennedy, in the opinion of some, may have gone further than necessary. From the tone of parts of his article in *Look* magazine some months ago, it could have been deduced that Mr. Kennedy believes not only in keeping separate what is due Caesar and what is due God, but that the influence of religion on the affairs of state should be minimal.

That inference, downgrading as it does the broad social mission of the churches, the Senator sensibly repudiated last week in his denunciation of the now-revised Air Force manual which had attacked the Protestant National Council of Churches: "The Council and its members do hold views – and are entitled to express those views – on the major social and economic issues confronting our nation."

All this is fair and forthright. But a new and disquieting note is being sounded – not by Mr. Kennedy himself but by columnists and reporters, at least some of whom plainly admire the Senator.

Thus, in his column of April 15, Joseph Alsop wrote that "the majority of Kennedy's Slab Fork (W. Va.) support was composed of the serious citizens who had studied their choice and chosen without prejudice. By the same token, it is fair to say that a majority of Humphrey's support were people who were influenced by religious prejudice. . . . Hubert Humphrey can only win – if he does win – for ugly reasons."

And on April 18, Mr. Alsop, on the basis of doorbell ringing on one block in one town in West Virginia, concluded that, "Just about half of those who have made up their minds have chosen Kennedy, quite often in spite of objections to his faith. Of the other half, who have chosen Humphrey, well over 50 percent have made their choice on grounds of pure religious prejudice. If Humphrey wins, no matter what he may say on the stump, his victory will be a triumph for prejudice."

This thesis was carried to its logical end in an article in the *New York Times* of April 17 by a *Times* political correspondent, Leo Egan: "If Senator Kennedy is to be turned down, those in control of the convention will be under heavy pressure to make a convincing demonstration that his religion was not officially responsible. . . ."

Who is going to apply the "heavy pressure?" And what sort of demonstration would be "convincing"? Mr. Kennedy has repeatedly said that he will not accept the Vice Presidential nomination. And if the convention

"In times of crisis, the newspapers are first with the cry: 'Let the people know the facts!' But perhaps Fact is a deity invoked by the people only in the last emergency when the easy gods of peace have failed them."

- Dorothy L. Sayers, 1941

"Forward, Crusaders!"

"We must beware of a tendency to generalize pessimistically about our youth – to attribute to the many the failures of the few. . . . We strive to make certain that the number of failures is held to a minimum. . . . In this effort the surest and best foundation is a happy family; one that finds its greatest enjoyment in such things as the family picnic, the 'cookout' or the home movies." – *President Eisenhower*, March 27, 1960

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"We have not only rebels without causes, we have a generation with nothing to say. All that seems real about teen-age self-expression through the safe-sex heroes, is their dedication to unreality, to songs of watered-down, self-pitying blues-that-aren't blues, and to aimless hostility." – *Thomas B. Morgan*, in his March *Esquire* article on teen-agers' heroes

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"11 percent of all [American] homes are broken by divorce, death or desertion." – *Justice George Edwards* in the March 28, 1960, *New Republic*

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"Employers will require at least high school diplomas for more and more jobs . . . 30 percent of all young workers entering the labor force during the 1960's will lack a high school education." – *Manpower – Challenge of the 1960's*, US Department of Labor

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is under such "heavy pressure," surely that pressure will not be dissipated by more oratory in praise of tolerance. Moreover, what do Egan and Mr. Alsop think would happen should the Democratic convention nominate Senator Kennedy? Would it then be under "heavy pressure" to prove that the Democratic Party is not a captive of Catholics? And how would it do that?

A very large number of voters are not going to accept the proposition that *only* by voting for Kennedy can they certify their lack of bias, and Kennedy is objective enough to acknowledge this. His record, his speeches, his choice of advisors all testify to his balance and judgment. He knows that no one Democratic candidate, not even he, has an absolute monopoly on virtue, ability or popular appeal, that all of his opponents have impressive credentials, and that a vote for Humphrey, Stevenson, Symington, Bowles or Lyndon Johnson can as easily be interpreted as a positive preference as it can an evidence of religious prejudice.

Chessman's Last Chance

Last week the Supreme Court of California denied without opinion Caryl Chessman's most recent petition for *habeas corpus*. A. L. Wirin, Chessman's chief counsel, is reportedly preparing a final application for *certiorari* to the United States Supreme Court. As of now, however, Governor Brown's reprieve order will terminate and Caryl Chessman will be killed on May 2. It is, of course, barely possible that Mr. Wirin can persuade the Supreme Court – or at least one of the Justices – that the projected *certiorari* petition may raise new and substantial due process questions deserving of further scrutiny. On such a showing, a further stay of Chessman's execution could issue, which would give Chessman's attorneys time to prepare their petition for review in orderly fashion. But, short of this most unlikely eventuality, Chessman's long ordeal will lead at last to the gas chamber – unless by an act of clemency, his sentence is "commuted" to life imprisonment.

Under California law, the sentence of one who – like Chessman – has a prior felony conviction can be commuted by the Governor only after the state Supreme Court has so recommended. And the California Supreme Court has on two occasions – prior to Governor Brown's reprieve order – rejected applications by Chessman for a recommendation of clemency. However, on neither occasion did Governor Brown see fit, as he has the power to do, to urge the state Supreme Court to make that favorable recommendation to him which would empower him to save Chessman's life. Moreover, both of the prior judicial negatives were by a bare 4 to 3 margin. An expression to the court by Governor Brown of his desire to exercise clemency might move at least one member of the majority to feel that he ought not to stand in the way of an act of mercy for which the Governor and three of his own colleagues saw grounds.

Clemency is proper for a man – however evil – whose oft-asserted guilt of the crimes for which he has been sentenced to die can hardly be thought demonstrable "beyond a reasonable doubt" on the basis of that retrospectively-fashioned trial transcript. That transcript may, *but then again may not*, reflect the testimony actually given at his trial, and it is that doubt which should stay the hand of the executioner. If a fresh, last-minute application is made, Gov. Brown and the state Supreme Court may well linger over the words of Mr. Justice Harlan at an earlier phase of Chessman's case: ". . . This Court may not disregard the Constitution because an appeal in this case, as in others, has been made on the eve of execution. We must be deaf to all suggestions that a valid appeal to the Constitution, even by a guilty man, comes too late, because courts, including this Court, were no earlier able to endorse what the Constitution demands. The proponent before the Court is not the petitioner but the Constitution of the US."

It may be urged – though without any great measure of conviction – that the litigation on Chessman's behalf which followed Justice Harlan's opinion has satisfied the minimal demands of the American Constitution. But even if one acquiesces in this very doubtful proposition, it would still seem that only commutation of Chessman's sentence can square accounts with the American conscience.

Investment in Colombia

When the Rojas Pinilla dictatorship came to an end in 1957, Colombia had suffered a decade of political and economic chaos. Colombian politics, once the most stable in South America, had degenerated into a ferocious civil war; in 10 years 200,000 people died by violence.

The military junta that overthrew the dictator was determined to restore civil government as quickly as possible, and under the leadership of Alberto Lleras Camargo, a Liberal who had served as President in 1945-46, an unusual compromise was worked out. Liberals and Conservatives joined in a National Front, agreeing to share power for the next 16 years, with the Presidency to alternate between the parties and seats in Congress and the Cabinet to be divided equally. In August, 1958, after an election in which he was supported by both parties, Lleras was inaugurated amid widespread exaltation.

Lleras is probably the ablest and hardest working politician in Latin America. Since he has been in office, bank credits have been tightened, the budget balanced, and imports cut in half. Despite a 50 percent drop in coffee prices since 1954, there is a favorable balance of trade; reserves of gold and dollars have doubled since

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last year. Colombia is becoming self-sufficient in foodstuffs, and is now exporting cotton for the first time in decades. A new refinery makes it possible to eliminate gasoline imports that cost $18 million last year, and the coffee crop, which still provides three-fourths of the nation's foreign exchange, is up to 8 million sacks.

Despite the greater financial stability, however, millions who live outside the highland cities and the seaports are sunk in misery; Colombia's economic growth barely keeps ahead of its population increase. There is an average of six murders a day up in the backlands, and the land reform program has slowed down for lack of capital. One-third of the adult population is still illiterate, and there is a critical shortage of trained agricultural experts and engineers. Transport is the most difficult problem; Andean barriers cut off the potentially rich Amazon and Orinoco basins, leaving an area larger than France almost completely uninhabited.

The projects for which President Lleras needs credit – land reform, railroad and highway construction, power plants – are unattractive to private investors. Their direct cash yield is low and long-drawn out. Financed on a government-to-government basis, however, through Export-Import Bank or the Development Loan Fund, their cost can be recovered and repaid, and would give a powerful boost to the Colombian economy as a whole. Such additional US aid would strengthen the hand of those leaders like Lleras who, as he extravagantly explained to our Congress earlier this month, "are guided by those principles and procedures through which you yourselves have come to be one of the richest, most fair-minded, and happiest of nations."

Van Buren to Eisenhower

It has been learned, not from the newspapers, that an Arabian stallion, a gift from President Bourguiba of Tunisia to President Eisenhower, was sent by truck to Mr. Eisenhower's farm in Gettysburg, after spending 12 days in quarantine in New Jersey. The public may be excused for looking this one in the mouth. Article I, section 9 of the Constitution of the United States says: ". . . No person holding any office of profit or trust . . . shall, without the consent of the Congress, accept of any present, emolument, office or title, of any kind whatever, from any king, prince or foreign state."

And in a letter dated May 8, 1840, President Van Buren in declining "two good-bred Arab-Nijd horses" wrote the Sultan of Muscat as follows: "I look upon this friendly proceeding on your part as a new proof of your Highness' desire to cultivate with us amicable relations, but a fundamental law of the Republic which forbids its servants from accepting presents from foreign States or Princes precludes me from receiving those your Highness intended for me."

Illinois' Lights and Shadows

Looking over the 1960 primary results thus far, Democratic politicians like what they see. The size of the vote for their party in New Hampshire and Wisconsin and most recently in Illinois suggests that victory awaits them in November. As a consequence, picking the Presidential nominee will become an even more highly competitive and deadly serious sport for the Democrats. And stitching up factional splits is becoming more urgently necessary for the Republicans.

The Illinois primary gave abundant evidence of this. The total Democratic vote on April 12 was 200,000 greater than in the 1956 primary. Sen. Paul Douglas, running uncontested for the Democratic Senatorial nomination, polled 875,000 votes as against a total of 760,305 votes cast for all six Republican Senatorial candidates. It would probably take a Republican landslide to elect Samuel Witwer, a respectable and very conservative lawyer, to Douglas' seat. But the professional analysts are more interested in the difference between the 875,000 votes cast for Douglas and the 725,528 cast for Nixon in the Presidential "popularity" contest, where Nixon like Douglas was uncontested.

There is clearly some repair work to be done if Nixon – or some other Republican – is to approximate Eisenhower's 1956 sweep of Illinois in the general election. Apparently recent police scandals in Chicago have not damaged the Democrats to any important degree. The Daley, Cook County, machine delivered the Chicago vote with its usual efficiency. The results reveal no falling away of outraged Democrats downstate, and local leaders foresee no lasting post-primary scars.

For the Republicans "regrouping" is a much harder job. The incumbent, Governor Stratton, won his reelection primarily by only 140,000 out of almost 800,000 votes cast. Nearly 1/3 of a million Republicans voted for an almost unknown challenger, Hayes Robertson. The large vote, the *Chicago Sun-Times* said, "was a rebuke to the governor's political leadership." It is also a signal to Nixon to start weeding his garden.

A Novel That Is News

It has long been the custom of *The New Republic* not to review books whose authors appear on the masthead of the magazine. Thus, no review of Michael Straight's *Carrington* will appear in these pages. But, the novel's publication this week by Alfred Knopf must be noted as "news." It is news because never in 46 years has a man who had been editor of this journal produced a novel; and because, in Mr. Knopf's words, this story of the Fetterman Massacre in Wyoming in 1866 "stands head and shoulders above what usually pass for novels of the American West."

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OTHER THAN PRESTIGE FOR FRANCE, WHAT DOES HE WANT?

De Gaulle in Washington

Preceded by two extraordinary personal triumphs, in England and in Canada, General de Gaulle comes to Washington. In London, I saw the imposing and surprising dimensions of his success. Rarely, if ever, have the English given such proof of their warm admiration for the head of a foreign state. The President of the French Republic is not likely to forget these demonstrations and is more than ever aware of having restored France to a rank that is justified neither by her military power nor her economic expansion.

What does the General want? We know first of all that his main concern is that nothing of consequence be decided without France: No Anglo-American alliance controlling the Western world; no American-Russian alliance settling the world's problems; no three way alliance of the US, UK, USSR deciding on disarmament or the future of Germany. Nothing is valid to de Gaulle that is done over the head of France: This has been his gospel since 1940. At that time, he said in London that since he had nothing at his disposal, it was necessary for him to ask for everything. Today, with a great deal at his disposal, the ambition he has nourished for a *presence francaise* has not diminished. On the contrary.

But what is the precise object of this ambition? That is very difficult to answer. In general, he wishes to gain the full US support for French policy, and specifically French policy in Algeria. General de Gaulle takes credit, and one may now say that he is entitled to this credit, for the evolution of the French Community. And this process of decolonization, the most important development since the beginning of the French Empire, will have been brought about by a French military leader whom the world had considered a conservative and a colonialist, if not a reactionary. The Community he envisages is an association of states, each as independent as the dominions of the British Commonwealth. Anticipating this result, General de Gaulle intends to show that foreigners cannot give lessons to France and certainly not to him. He will continue to defend his latest statement on Algeria affirming that the war will be long and that it will be necessary for the rebel FLN to surrender. He is not likely to stoop to self-justification, for in his opinion these are French concerns and self-justifying. But his ministers will be able to explain, as they have to the Russians and the British, that if self-determination does not progress along the only route indicated by de Gaulle, the reactions inside France, in the army and in Algeria will be more troublesome to the peace of the world than the Algerian war itself.

Beyond this, has General de Gaulle some particular ideas on broad international problems? He has a project concerning the underdeveloped countries which is at once highly humanitarian and tactically shrewd. He wants in effect global cooperation in assisting poor nations not only among all countries but among all *blocs*. He would like to convince President Eisenhower that this project ought to be placed on the agenda of the Summit conference in May. The world, he thinks, ought not to be divided between zones of influence or economic rivalries, with the two blocs bringing to Africa and to Asia a Cold War that is tending to disappear in Europe and in the West. But if economic aid is given only for political reasons, de Gaulle insists, it is certain to be self-defeating; China will be the nation that most benefits; and that is something de Gaulle fears. He fears too that such a policy may rekindle incendiary fires which otherwise might be smothered. In Paris, Mr. Khrushchev was not very convinced. Neither was President Eisenhower. But de Gaulle will bring it up again.

But about Berlin? Or the reunification of the two Germanys? Or disarmament? Or about the possibility of obtaining from Mr. Khrushchev concessions which the Anglo-Americans are not able to obtain themselves? On all these matters it does not appear that General de Gaulle has in mind any revolutionary projects or original ideas. The root of the French position is the acceptance of the *presence francaise*, and that alone. Disarmament will not be sympathetically considered without France possessing atomic secrets, or until the general destruction of atomic stockpiles is provided for. On Berlin, General de Gaulle presents himself as an advocate of Chancellor Adenauer only to preserve a trump card in negotiating other matters. It is true that there is a German policy which the General wants the US to support. For de Gaulle, West Germany will either be more closely integrated in a Franco-German bloc in the center of a united Europe, or drift toward neutralism, and become the object of covetous glances and tempting offers, and finish by making a deal with the USSR within a few years. In spite of opposition from Britain, it is thus advisable, according to de Gaulle, for the US to continue to give fullest support to the common market and a Europe based on Franco-German rapprochement.

JEAN DANIEL

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If We Just Go On Testing...

Give those who distrust an agreement banning nuclear tests the thread of an idea and they'll make a rope out of it with which to hang the Geneva negotiations. An article in this month's *Foreign Affairs* by Professor F. J. Dyson is illustrative. Mr. Dyson spins a gossamer theory: Radically new and cheaper nuclear weapons are possible; the testing of such weapons in very small sizes is undetectable; we should hesitate to deny ourselves these weapons by agreeing to ban further tests.

His views are thus presented by *Time:* "The big powers are on the brink of developing radically new generations of cheaper, lighter, militarily more useful weapons." And *Life* editorializes: "The nuclear art is on the point of developing small fusion weapons of less-than-kiloton yield." Not all the press was so gullible. By quoting Professor Hans Bethe, wartime chief of the vital theoretical work at Los Alamos, *Newsweek* indicated that there are important scientists who disagree.

What is this theory which Dyson is advancing as a new argument for continuing our nuclear testing program? The new small weapon he foresees is based on the hope of attaining the fusion of light elements directly from heating them by chemical explosives, without the help of the fission booster which made possible the H-bomb. In support of this hope, he offers just two technical facts, neither of which says anything at all about the practical likelihood of such a development. The first fact is that, "There *seems to be* [italics added] no law of nature forbidding the construction of fission-free bombs." This is the same as saying we can't prove definitely that they can't be made some day. The second fact is that neutrons have been produced by heating and squeezing heavy hydrogen with chemical explosives. This may sound impressive to those unaware of the enormous difference between producing a few neutrons and making a thermal chain reaction; it actually means no more than to say that because a man is healthy enough to get up out of bed, he can climb Mt. Everest.

The main point is that it was far from easy to achieve an H-bomb, even with the benefit of a fission booster giving a million-fold boost beyond chemical energies, and it seems much too much to expect to make up for the lack of so big a boost by cleverness alone. People who expect another scientific "miracle" simply because they have become accustomed to "miracles" should realize that nature gave us two favorable energy trends at the two ends of the list of elements: one at the uranium end for the A-bomb, the other at the hydrogen end for the H-bomb; and there aren't any more. Dyson's notion seems like a very long shot indeed.

His enthusiasm over the remote chance that a cheaper small nuclear weapon might just possibly be developed is hardly enough to justify his conclusion that we should only consider a test ban that is perfectly evasion-proof. In taking this position, he ignores the threat of accidental war; he seems to expect the world to go on with the mounting tensions of an expanding arms race proliferating in radically new weapons; and then, suddenly and without preparation, he anticipates that all nations someday will have the political maturity to "hand over all such devilish inventions to an international authority powerful enough to prevent their abuse." It is a philosophy of crisp concepts: a perfect test ban or none at all; completely uncontrolled chaos or complete world order; fission-free bombs either demonstrably impossible or very probable.

A gradual approach is needed if we are to evolve workable international agreements. It would be more difficult to control these "devilish inventions" now than it is to monitor a test ban to limit their further development, and it will become increasingly difficult to control them if testing continues to spread them throughout the world and make them still more "devilish." A well-monitored test ban holds the most promise of reducing the likelihood of war. We must not be deterred from this quest by contrived roadblocks like the recent exaggerated publicity for geophysical experiments with A-bombs or Dyson's blown-up fears of a long-shot development which, even if accomplished, would not be crucial to a military posture ultimately dependent on the "great deterrent."

At this moment, there is a chance, perhaps a last chance, to start to bring the testing of nuclear weapons under some kind of reasonable control. There are still parts of a test-ban treaty on which the US and the Soviet negotiators have not been able to agree, particularly the question of the number of on-site inspections that would be permitted and the voting procedure to be followed in the control commission, and these matters remain a challenge to our bargaining astuteness. But what counts most now is getting on with an agreement permanently banning all tests above the "20 kiloton limit" and installing as soon as possible a control system of monitoring this effectively. At the same time, we must be willing to agree to an only partially monitored moratorium on smaller tests for two years or more, and get to work on joint research to improve detection techniques for these small-yield blasts.

DAVID R. INGLIS

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Good for Maggie

So in the opinion of the European royal houses London Maggie is demeaning herself by marrying the camera! Now isn't that just too bad? It brings to mind the comment of the Grand Old Man of British journalism, James Bone, during the late uproar when he heard that a flight of Italian bombers had raided London: "It isn't the trifling damage they did; it's the *cheek* of it!"

Well, that cheeky performance began a process that ended with *Il Duce* full of bullet-holes and hung up by his heels in front of a filling-station. The boycott of the British royal wedding is not likely to lead to any such melodramatic result, but the cheek of it certainly will not do anything to shore up the tottering institution of monarchy. Like Mussolini's raid, it comes under the rubric, "Whom the gods would destroy."

In this comic extravaganza it is difficult to single out one act that deserves the palm for asininity; but for sheer insolence that of the egregious Baudouin of Belgium rises above all the rest. He cannot attend because, forsooth, on that day he is addressing a lawyers' convention! This from a king whose country's soil has twice been drenched with British blood spilled in its defense! After all, though, could anything better have been expected from the son of a king whose poltroonery was so egregious that his own people could not stomach it and threw him out?

As a matter of fact, this is not the first time that this curiously objectionable young man has displayed an ignorance of the rudiments of good breeding that would be intolerable in a Brussels railway porter. More than once his public utterances have displayed a surly contempt for his own people and a fawning servility toward the oppressors of Belgium indicative of the intelligence of a boob, as well as the manners of a boor.

Even an American with no esteem whatever for the institution of monarchy must admit that Elizabeth II is a queen in her own right. She reigns over an empire in course of liquidation, but she reigns; and there is not a king surviving on the continent of Europe who does not owe his crown in large part to the gallantry of her troops. Then for these beneficiaries of her power to contrive a studied and concerted insult to her dignity is an outrage of colossal proportions. It is such an enormity, indeed, that it touches the comic.

From time immemorial the world has laughed when pomposity steps on a banana-peel and its feet shoot out from under it; but when it is pomposity's own banana-peel, dropped by its own hand, the world does not merely chuckle, it roars. That is the situation when the shadow-kings of Europe thumb their noses at the one remaining monarch whose state still retains some vestige of reality. It is a cosmic jest.

At the same time, though, Americans might do well to bear in mind that, ridiculous as it is, the affair must be galling to our friends. It would seem to be a good time for Washington to make a gracious gesture, although it is difficult to say just how it could be done. To dispatch the peripatetic Mr. Nixon to attend the wedding might serve the purpose. As he is not the head of the state, for him to yield precedence to any royalty that may show up would be quite correct; yet his office is high enough to make his presence a courtesy distinctly a cut above the presence of our Ambassador.

At any rate, it is an occasion on which the republic that handled George III roughly may well afford to stretch a point in being exceptionally polite to his successor. We have repudiated monarchy for ourselves alone; if the British like it, that is their affair; and we certainly have no quarrel with the present occupant of the throne; the vast majority of Americans feel for Her Majesty only admiration and good will.

In addition to everything else, the bride-to-be holds an exceptionally high place in the esteem of most Americans. The Princess Margaret has been subjected, on account of her rank, to an ordeal of publicity that won for her tremendous sympathy in this country. She came through it so well that he is a curmudgeon indeed who doesn't feel that she has well earned all the happiness that may come to her through a successful marriage to Mr. Antony Armstrong-Jones.

This acknowledgment made, however, Americans can hardly be blamed for falling with delight upon anything that adds to the gaiety of the nation in otherwise drab and dismal days. Heaven knows, we need entertainment, and here it is, offered without connivance or contrivance on our part. It would be ingratitude to benevolent fate not to seize it, and proof of extraordinary lack of perception not to enjoy it. For the Gloomiest Gus in all the land cannot deny that " 'tis a raree-show worth the penny."

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Morocco and the French Presence

Rabat

Walk to the end of Avenue Mohammed V in Morocco's delightful capital. The road rises in a gentle arc past gardens and beneath palms. Here you find the Ministries of Agriculture and Commerce, Public Works, Finance and Interior. At the top of the rise, set squarely in the middle of the Moroccan government's complex of offices, you come to the Embassy of France. Since independence in 1956, the names of the streets have been changed. The agencies of government are no longer Directorates. They are Ministries in a sovereign nation. But the imposing home and headquarters of the former Residents General, who ruled in the days of the Protectorate, still flies the French Tricolor and is patrolled by a French gendarme. The *presence francaise* remains.

For the American observer interested in seeing what happens when colonialism stops, this is the most arresting fact about Morocco – the difficulty of bringing the colonial relationship to an end. "There is a difference between having and exercising independence," a high official in the Ministry of Foreign Affairs said to me.

The problem is *not* primarily one of French machinations aimed at keeping the government weak and servile. Indeed, France is investing close to $25 million a year in salaries, studies and projects designed to assist the Moroccan government. Rather it is a tangle of problems, their roots deep in the colonial past, and their branches now impeding the emergence of an autonomous, responsible post-colonial state.

We speak unendingly of the problems of underdevelopment. Ironically one of Morocco's most serious problems is that of over development. During the more than 40 years of the Protectorate, the French developed in Morocco an impressive governmental machine and a relatively complex economic infrastructure designed primarily to service the European community which grew to some 350,000 in number. About 20,000 Frenchmen remain in the Moroccan civil service, at enormous cost to France. This is close to 50 percent of the total number of government employees. In some ministries, Public Works, for example, the proportion of Frenchmen runs as high as 75 percent.

Top policy posts, of course, are staffed by Moroccans. But their technical advisors and the skilled engineers, scientists and technicians needed to maintain the structure are for the most part French, and indispensable.

If you strip away the European veneer and the tissue-thin layer of highly educated Moroccans, what is left in Morocco is as primitive as Iran, or even the Belgian Congo. Morocco, a nation of 10 million people, boasts 92 Moroccan doctors, 29 native dentists and – though an agricultural country – not one veterinarian. The first Minister of Public Works was a bright young man just four years out of University. He won the post because he had been an important activist in the fight for independence – and he was the only polytechnician in the country. 85 percent of the people remain illiterate. The pool from which to draw personnel for the cadres that now need to be trained is pathetically shallow.

Overdeveloped in her administrative and governmental structure, Morocco is badly underdeveloped economically and socially, making it doubly difficult to replace the French personnel.

The dependence on France is just as serious in the economic field. Internally, at least 80 percent of the modern sector of the economy is owned by Frenchmen. Externally, Morocco continues to earn the greater part of its foreign exchange by sales in a protected French market where prices are staked considerably higher than the world levels. Though she has attempted to diversify her international commerce, the flow of goods to and from France has not varied more than two percentage points in the four years since independence.

In education, the story is the same. Forty percent of the secondary school teachers are still French. Under the protectorate four hours of French were taught for every hour of Arabic, the native tongue for most of Morocco. The ratio has been reduced, but still two hours of French continue to be taught for every hour of Arabic, for lack of Moroccan teachers.

The intimate involvement of France in Moroccan affairs is damaging not because France necessarily manipulates Morocco. The Moroccan government actually exercises considerable freedom of choice, sometimes acting contrary to France (and to Morocco's own best interests), simply to demonstrate its freedom. Rather, France's involvement is damaging because it tends to perpetuate a colonial mind-set on the part of both the former metropole and its former colony. This complicates Morocco's problem of generating a dynamic and responsible political life.

It is hard to confront the real problems honestly when one may continue to blame them on the omnipresent French. A high official of the Istiqlal Party took pains to explain to me that a competing Party, the

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Popular Movement, which has given a certain political complexion to the grievances of the mountain and country areas, was a creature of the French Embassy, financed by French funds and aimed at continuing traditional French divide-and-rule policies.

A newspaper editor and leader of the activist, labor-supported National Union of Popular Forces insisted that in Morocco there were no serious political differences. "There is only one struggle," he said, "that between the popular forces of the country and colonialists." Obviously every "force" in Moroccan life which was not "popular" was the instrument of France.

Moroccan politics is alive with demands for an independent Algeria; the evacuation of foreign troops from Moroccan soil; and the "liberation" of the Republic of Mauretania, part of French Sahara and the Spanish territories to the south – all of which Morocco claims. These are real issues. But because they are protests against continuing "colonial" rule, a subject on which everyone can agree, they demand inordinate attention, and detract from the more difficult task of constructing a viable national life.

Like many newly-independent countries, Morocco is caught between two conflicting tendencies: her anti-colonial animus against the French, and her post-colonial necessity to develop her economy. With the left hand, the government severely restricts the export of profits from foreign investment, as a means of controlling income from the French sector of the economy. With the right hand the government solicits non-French investments. But you cannot have it both ways. A policy of controls directed against French economic interest creates a climate hostile to other investors.

Morocco faces another contradiction on a different but related level. She wishes to free herself from dependence on French protected markets. To do so she must lower production costs to compete on the world market. But she wishes to undertake, too, a social and economic revolution. Next year, Morocco will have a universal social security law, part of the costs of which will be carried by Moroccan employers. This will force prices up, frustrating still further Morocco's attempt to escape the French market.

At one and the same time, the French are assisting, and complicating, Morocco's effective decolonization. French technicians, French economic enterprise, and French markets keep Morocco afloat today and create the possibility of making her seaworthy tomorrow. But dependence on France nettles Morocco's nationalistic sensibilities, and makes it hard for Moroccans to fix their attention on themselves and their real problems.

Of course, decolonization – a word popularized, and possibly coined, by the French – is a problem also for France. In fact, the French are exceedingly sensitive about their responsibilities and their prerogatives in their former Protectorate.

The reciprocal and conflicting sensitivities of each side produce an uneasy state of latent hostility. Take the tragedy at Agadir. The earthquake produced one wholesome effect. It obliged Morocco to concentrate exclusively on itself. The country was unified in its grief and its aid, and the outside world was in this moment no longer a threat to Morocco's independence but a source of sympathy and help.

However, Agadir was quickly sucked into the vortex of Franco-Moroccan tensions. Frenchmen were saying that the Moroccan government had not properly acknowledged French aid to stricken Agadir – which is probably true. Moroccans were answering that many countries had assisted at Agadir; some hinted that French aid was not without some ulterior motive. The unwholesome debate persisted for several days.

This is the milieu in which American foreign policy must address itself to Morocco. We cannot side-step these tensions, and there is little we can do directly and openly to lessen them. Moroccans are sure that we have not properly acknowledged their independence and still come to Rabat by way of Paris. Frenchmen imply that we do not understand the importance of French-US solidarity *vis-à-vis* Morocco.

The persistence of the colonial mind-set is such that each side half believes the US is trying to impose a neo-imperial system on Morocco. French reactions have been less than enthusiastic as Moroccans have departed for the States on governmental educational scholarships. (There are about 40 Moroccans studying in our colleges and universities as against about 800 in France.) Frenchmen are inclined to accuse us of "cultural poaching" when we open an English language center in Rabat.

Moroccans wonder what motives lie behind our aid program which is up to $50 million for fiscal year 1960. It has been next to impossible to get the Moroccans to lay out with our planners a long-range program so that our funds might be used to the best advantage. There is some indication that even the UN has had difficulty overcoming Moroccan suspicions of technical aid. One wonders how neutral a country can get!

All of this indicates that our diplomatic missions in the post-colonial states of Africa demand exceptional qualities of diplomatic skill both with respect to the governments to which they are accredited and to that of the former metropolitan power. With patience and discreet, exceedingly discreet, behavior, the US may help bridge the gap from the colonial to the post-colonial era in Morocco. But it is a process which cannot be short-circuited. For some time, the French flag will continue to fly high in Rabat (though not necessarily over the home of the former Residents General, which one wishes the French would gracefully vacate). The *presence francaise* remains as inevitable and as necessary as it is damaging – both to the Moroccans and to the French.

Robert C. Good

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"We Are All So Very Happy"

Helen Fuller Reports on the Southern "Sit-Ins"

"What the 'sit-ins' say," Martin Luther King quietly summed up, "is that Southern Negroes will no longer be satisfied with segregation in any form." My visits this month to cities in Florida, Georgia and the Carolinas where lunch counter demonstrations have occurred and my talks with dozens of Negroes and whites lead me to conclude that the Reverend Mr. King is right.

No outside organization masterminded the recent uprisings. Both the NAACP and Martin Luther King's Southern Christian Leadership Conference were taken by surprise. And CORE (the Committee on Racial Equality), which has been accused by white supremacists of instigating this "plot," came on the scene in most places after the event and even then had little to do with directing the demonstrations. In almost every instance, they were planned and carried out by students, without outside advice or even contact between schools except by way of press and radio news. (Contact is still so tenuous that a trio from Harvard, Yale and Brandeis on spring vacation are performing a welcome service by handing on names and addresses of kindred souls as they go from college to college.)

Everywhere the recollection is the same: "We had been ready to do something like this for a long time." And "we" are overwhelmingly young Negro Southerners. There are some non-Southerners among the demonstrators (Northerners forget that it is still easier for a Negro to get a college education in the South than in any other region of this country). Some of them learned unsegregated ways in the armed services. But the vast majority of the protesters are Southerners who grew up during years of great economic and cultural advance for their people and so acquired a new sense of dignity that is outraged every day by Jim Crow restrictions. Impatient at the slow progress toward equality and disillusioned by the evasions of the Supreme Court's desegregation decrees that are now being practiced, they were ready for direct action. Court orders by themselves are not enough to suit these students, Thurgood Marshall explains to those who ask him why the "sit-in" movement has spread so rapidly. "And if you mean are the young people impatient with me," the NAACP counsel adds, "the answer is yes."

Even the most unintellectual of these students are conscious of the African independence movement and at least vaguely moved by it. Headline news of Africa – prominently displayed in the Southern press – and the visits of African leaders to this country have quickened interest in and identification with African problems. On his recent trip Tom Mboya of Kenya traveled as far south as Florida and Georgia, where he was honored with a dinner. The presence of African students on a majority of Southern Negro college campuses means that the fight for freedom on that continent is a subject of everyday conversation.

And then there are memories of Montgomery and Little Rock. When it came time to decide this year how to express their protest, there was no argument among Southern students. Every Negro old enough to have heard about the Montgomery bus boycott in 1956 accepts non-violence as a part of his way of life. "It works," they tell you over and over. (No one seems to remember that it was not the boycott but a court order that finally brought victory there.) And they remind you proudly that Montgomery proved a Negro community could stand united for 381 days, resisting every provocation to violence and never committing a retaliatory act. That example and Martin Luther King who led it are the educated young Negro's touchstone for the good, the true and the beautiful.

But the specific impulse that moved Negro students to rebel at a particular time in a particular way is different in each case. At North Carolina A & T College in Greensboro, the four attractive freshmen who started it all delight the reporters who have called on them almost daily since February 1 by revealing that Gandhi was one of their inspirations. Ezell Blair, Jr., the 17-year-old son of two local school teachers, explains that he was impressed by a television documentary program last year about the Mahatma's life, and particularly by scenes showing Gandhi passively resisting repeated attacks by South African police and Sikh warriors. One of Blair's fellow instigators had learned the Gandhi story from a comic book. The other two of the four originators of the initial Greensboro "sit-in" say of course they were familiar with Gandhi's name and place in history but "haven't read his book" and find more inspiration in Montgomery and Little Rock "which we saw with our own eyes."

After dozens of late evening bull sessions puzzling over segregation and the best way to challenge it, all agreed that the lunch counter "sit-in" was the answer. And then on January 30, one of the four broke up the talk by demanding action: "Are you ready? It's now or

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never." The next day the four "sat in" at the Greensboro Woolworth.

The explanation of "why" that the four gave to reporters – including mention of Gandhi – seemed pretty sophisticated for college freshmen. Perhaps, some Senators and some columnists wondered, "agitators" were using them as "fronts." It wasn't so; the thoughts they had expressed were their own. The whole school promptly threw its weight behind the "sit-in" plan, and the chain reaction was on.

A radio broadcast set off the demonstrations in Raleigh. Students at Shaw University, a Baptist-supported school, tuned in the midnight news while getting ready for bed. The evening before a mass meeting at the school had voted to take some direct action in support of Greensboro's lead without deciding what kind. But now the announcer was reporting that a "careful check" showed Raleigh Negro students would not follow Greensboro.

Within minutes 10 students from Shaw had met and were on their way to the dormitories of their traditional town rivals at St. Augustine (Episcopal) across town. The next morning a combined and well-planned demonstration hit the lunch counters of Raleigh dollar stores.

Immediate irritation at being discounted by a news reporter had set off the students in Raleigh, but there were deeper reasons for their readiness to rebel. They are bitter about having to enter the local movie house, owned by the Mayor, through a "colored" side door, having to sit in the "owl's nest" and afterwards walk 10 blocks to a colored restaurant for a coke. Publicity given to statements by North Carolina's Governor Hodges in Europe last fall assuring potential industrialists that North Carolina Negroes are satisfied with their social system aggravated them further. They are irritated that locally no Negro has been admitted to a white public school; there are no Negro bus operators in the capital city; the first Negro member admitted to the Raleigh police force 10 years ago still wears the silver badge and blue shirt of a patrolman.

Weight Breaks the Wagon Down

In Columbia, South Carolina, at Benedict College and Allen University, both church-supported schools, ministerial students took charge. Reading the news from North Carolina, a self-appointed group called a mass meeting of both student bodies to test sentiment for a demonstration of their own. Finding great enthusiasm, the young ministers appointed a strategy committee of 20 to read up on what had happened in Greensboro, Raleigh, and closer by at Rock Hill, South Carolina, and to work out rules and procedures of their own. "We figured somebody else's plans might not work for us" in Columbia where many leading merchants belong to the strong White Citizens' Council. The most they hoped to accomplish in backward South Carolina was to make the white community notice that "everything was not peaches and cream." "We were saying to the white people that we've gone along too long just waiting for God to work things out for us. You know the old saying 'Weight breaks the wagon down'. Well, we're through waiting." On the appointed day 600 students joined the procession that filled the three streets leading from the Benedict and Allen campuses to the downtown dime stores. There they took turns sitting down at lunch counters and being turned away. Five were arrested for trespassing; they were convicted and have appealed.

College administrators have since privately suggested to the leaders of this March 2 march that once is enough and that expulsions will be in order if there is a second time. The student president of Benedict, who is preparing for the ministry, says that "if expulsion is the price of freedom," he "is willing to pay it." When I left Columbia he was about to set the date for a meeting to decide on "next steps."

Life is considerably less grim for the Negro in Atlanta. A benign city government avoids needless affronts to his dignity by police or other officials. Atlanta Negroes have climbed high enough economically to have a conservative middle class which has a voice in community affairs. The result, ironically, is that many young people feel the older Negro leaders are too complacent. There is resentment of Atlanta's reputation around the country as a kind of Valhalla of race relations, which it is not. The "sit-in" movement in Atlanta is to a degree a student protest against the older heads in business and religion and the measure of equality they have been willing to settle for in the past.

The older heads did not move to force desegregation of Atlanta buses until young Turks forced their hands by threatening to take leadership themselves. Now, through the current "sit-ins," students are picking the next targets for desegregation without asking permission from their elders, some of whom make no secret of the fact that had they been asked, they would have advised against. Their advice today to the young demonstrators is: you've made your point; stand back and let the law take its course.

This is the minority attitude among adult Negroes in Atlanta, however, and the protesters are receiving important encouragement from other quarters. The Reverend Sam Williams, pastor of a leading Baptist Church, who is also president of the Atlanta branch of NAACP (since a recent successful infusion of young blood), vice president of Martin Luther King's SCLC and one of his right-hand men, and head of the Philosophy Department at Morehouse College, is a key supporter of the movement. In the Sunday sermon I heard

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him preach at Friendship Church, Williams referred to "these students who are acting up." "God bless them," he said. "They are separating the men from the boys."

The lawyers of the NAACP and other trained brains are also at the students' service. It is no wonder, then, that the Atlanta protest has taken a sophisticated form. Their "sit-ins" were preceded by a full-page "Appeal for Human Rights" advertisement in the daily newspapers, signed by the student presidents of all six of Atlanta's Negro colleges. The 10 demonstrations on March 8 were each selected to sharpen points of law respecting discrimination in bus and train depots and public buildings, basically different legal questions from those concerning service in dime and drug stores. Interesting targets from the legal standpoint were the cafeterias of office buildings in which the federal government is the only tenant.

Protest is made easy when school officials behave as does President Rufus Clement of Atlanta University. Quizzed on a "Reporter's Notebook" television program about how he would deal with those from his school who were among the 200 demonstrators "sitting in" 10 stores on March 3, Dr. Clement answered that there would be no reprimands. "They were only doing what we all believe in." The "price of freedom" is less high in Atlanta than elsewhere.

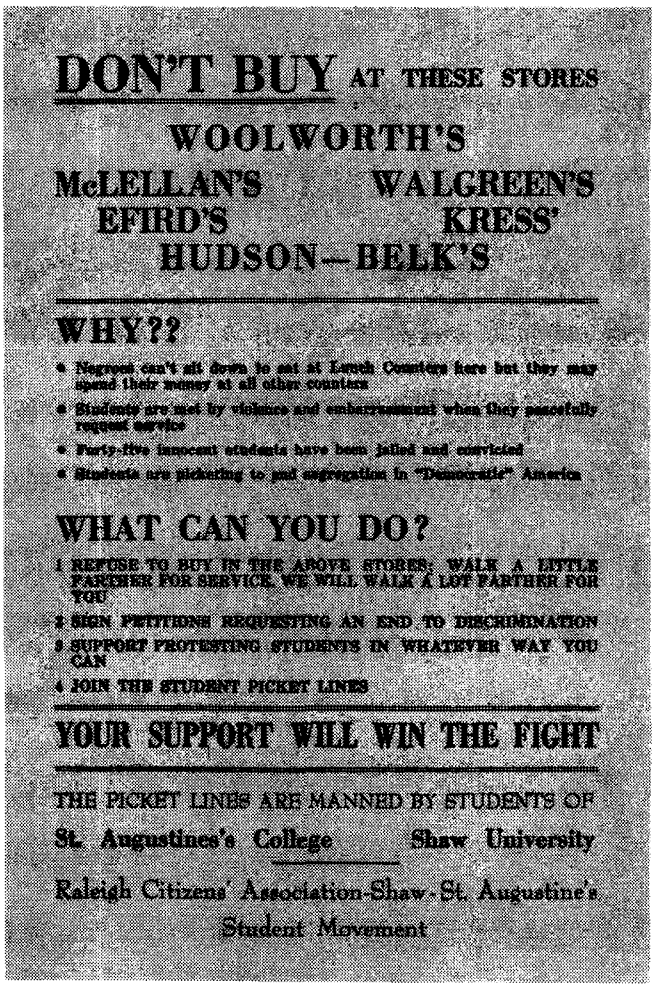
The View from the Front

Tallahassee is different. Here, alone of the "sit-in" cities I visited, an outside group inspired what happened. Before school began last September, Patricia Stephens, who was about to return for her junior year at Florida A & M University for Negroes, attended a National CORE workshop in Miami. She was impressed by the organization's philosophy of direct action and nonviolence, and took part in several projects there in Miami. When school opened Patricia and her sister Priscilla, also a junior, decided to try to organize a CORE branch in Tallahassee. They talked to the Rev. C. K. Steele, the Baptist minister who led the Tallahassee bus boycott in 1957, and through him met other local Negro leaders and some interested students at the all-white Florida State University. The Stephens sisters tried selling CORE door-to-door in the dormitories and in the Student Union and dining hall, with poor success, but Patricia had been told that numbers are not important. So a group of 20 was formed – students, ministers and teachers, two of whom were white.

They had only elected officers and tried a few warm-up projects like "Front-view" bus riding when the Greensboro boys invaded Woolworth's. Within a few days a phone call came from the national office of CORE proposing that Tallahassee do the same.

At that point another group entered the scene. There is a vigorous religious life at Florida State University; Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Unitarians have student houses on the campus. And there is a unique Episcopal parish church with 600 members and a remarkable young priest, highly respected by all sects. Communication between these white religious organizations and their counterparts on the Negro A & M campus had been greatly improved shortly before the "sit-ins" during a visit by Father Myers of New York's Lower East Side Mission of the Trinity Episcopal Church. A mission he conducted at FSU on Renewal of the Church resulted in bull sessions between white and Negro students on all kinds of local problems, as well as closer contact between ministers at the Negro and white universities. And when the word came inviting Tallahassee to join the Greensboro parade, it was natural for A & M students to invite these new white friends to discuss strategy. Fifteen of the FSU group who came volunteered to join the "sit-in" scheduled for the next day.

The "why" of this assortment is complex. Pat Stephens explained her thinking in a recent letter to a friend, written from the Leon County Jail where, along with 5 other Negro students, she is serving a 60-day sentence for disturbance of the peace and incitement to riot:


DON'T BUY AT THESE STORES
WOOLWORTH'S
McLELLAN'S WALGREEN'S
EFIRD'S KRESS'
HUDSON—BELK'S
WHY??
WHAT CAN YOU DO?
1 REFUSE TO BUY IN THE ABOVE STORES; WALK A LITTLE FARTHER FOR SERVICE, WE WILL WALK A LOT FARTHER FOR YOU
2 SIGN PETITIONS REQUESTING AN END TO DISCRIMINATION
3 SUPPORT PROTESTING STUDENTS IN WHATEVER WAY YOU CAN
4 JOIN THE STUDENT PICKET LINES
YOUR SUPPORT WILL WIN THE FIGHT
THE PICKET LINES ARE MANNED BY STUDENTS OF
St. Augustines's College Shaw University
Raleigh Citizens' Association-Shaw-St. Augustine's Student Movement

Fliers Invite Support for the "Sit-Ins"

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"We are all so very happy that we were (and are) able to do this to help our city, state and nation. This is something that has to be done over and over again, and we are willing to do it as often as necessary. We strongly believe that Martin Luther King was right when he said, 'We've got to fill the jails in order to win our equal rights'."

One of her fellow jailmates explained his presence to an inquiring official: "I didn't have to come to college to learn how to adjust to segregation. I could have done that at home."

"It Always Comes Back"

A major influence in the Tallahassee movement, Prof. Richard Haley of the A & M Music Department, did not land in the midst of things by design. Pat Stephens, one of his pupils, consulted him about organizing CORE and persuaded him to meet CORE organizer Gordon Carey when he visited A & M. The purposes of the organization "seemed so harmless" that when Carey invited him to become a founding member, Haley felt he could not refuse "without admitting I was a thorough-going hypocrite." A Northerner, educated in Columbus, Ohio, and Chicago, Haley came south after working in the Chicago Post Office and teaching music in the public schools. College jobs for Negroes outside the South are relatively few, and it was possible to rationalize his decision to live with Southern segregation by the thought that at least one would be at the seat of the trouble.

But lately, before the CORE invitation came, Haley and his wife had begun to doubt their decision. "When I walk up and down this campus and people say 'Good morning, Mr. Haley', I achieve the status of fully realized manhood. . . . We can convince ourselves that the town outside does not exist. . . . We go north on vacation, come back and tell each other about the plays we see, take trips in summer, even to Europe. We push the reality of segregation out of our minds, but it always comes back."

Recently Professor Haley grew so embarrassed about making decisions that sent demonstrators to jail when he had never been arrested that he planted himself in the midst of the next group of students being herded off to the station. As soon as the arresting officers identified the professor they sent him home.

Although CORE blew the whistle for the February 13 sit-in in Tallahassee when both Negroes and whites were arrested, few of the present leaders in the movement had even heard of the organization at that time.

"I got interested after the first group was arrested," George Carter says. He was born in Thomasville, Georgia, grew up in Miami, and made white friends in the Army. The night of the arrests the Student Government Association had called a meeting to explain what had happened and discuss what the group wanted to do. Walking home, a friend asked Carter, "How about going down to the dime store tomorrow and joining in?" "The next day," he says, "I did, but he didn't." "The arrests started me thinking. . . . You wonder about things like this all your life, and you stand it, but then you decide you have to act."

Jesse McCrary is a tall, articulate pre-law student at Tallahassee. He comes from Ocala, in the heart of the Florida "cracker" country. Thurgood Marshall and Martin Luther King are tied as favorites in his book. To understand the present, he says, you must go back two years. Florida A & M was ready for the 1960 "sit-in" because it had gone through the bus boycott of 1957 and the experience of "passive resistance for justice" in the case of the A & M coed raped by four white youths last year. "Two classes have graduated since the bus strike, but it is fresh in our minds. There is continuity and I think it will keep up. . . . I expect there will be something like this for every new class to work on."

Gwendolyn Benyard, a major in speech and dramatics at A & M, a native of Doerun in rural Georgia, and a graduate of the Moultrie Consolidated High School, has a special reason for wanting to be a part of demonstrations of non-violence. She, like the great majority of protesting students with whom I talked, wants to stay in the South. "I like the Southern atmosphere, everything except the segregation." The "sit-ins" will help to do away with that, she thinks. "The whites think our education doesn't do us any good. . . . When we go in and sit down quietly and politely . . . it shows them that we are not the loud wild Africans that they think."

Bob Armstrong, who is white, grew up in Sanford, in central Florida, where Negroes are few and far between. Because there was no Congregational Church in Tallahassee, he began to worship with the Episcopalians when he entered FSU. Father Waller, the young Georgia priest who came to the University parish $5\frac{1}{2}$ years ago after Princeton, Virginia Theological Seminary and the Marine Corps, saw enough promise in Armstrong to recommend him for summer work at Father Myers' East Side Mission in New York in 1958. Twenty to 30 percent of the boys who came to the mission were Puerto Ricans, most of the rest Negroes. And Armstrong had never been around Negroes before. The first week was hard, he says, but eventually he "got to know Negroes as people" and stayed at Father Myers' mission for a year and a half. More contact between white and Negro campuses seemed a natural need to him in light of his New York experience, and he was one of the first volunteers for the February 13 sit-in, and one of the first arrested (Father Waller bailed him out).

A second article next week will discuss what Negroes are learning from the "sit-ins" and what lasting changes this movement may make in the South.

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Reforming the Public Schools

by Christopher Jencks

People who think about education in America can be roughly divided into two groups: those who think that the situation is bad, and those who think it is much worse than that. The former are mostly educators who think that while our schools are not improving fast enough, the path to further progress is a more radical and imaginative application of the philosophy of Dewey and the progressives, the psychology of Freud and his heirs, and the social theories of people like David Riesman and Margaret Meade. The more pessimistic critics think that the schools are not improving at all, but getting worse. To stop this deterioration such critics want to restore the good old days, when schools were teaching "subjects" instead of teaching "students."

A Citizen's Manual for Public Schools
by Mortimer Smith
(Council for Basic Education; $1)

The Council for Basic Education, led by Mortimer Smith, has in the last few years become a rallying point for educational pessimists. Mr. Smith has now issued what he hopes will become a set of working papers for people who share his views and want to do something about it. *A Citizen's Manual for Public Schools* is subtitled "A Guide for School Board Members and other Laymen," and its one-dollar price tag suggests that it is supposed to be a widely circulated manifesto.

But the book may be aimed at the wrong audience. Mr. Smith is writing for non-teachers, presumably because he thinks teachers are beyond saving. He argues that "if laymen do not insist on quality in education the chances are slim that anybody will." Perhaps so. But a converse proposition seems even more certain: if teachers do not insist on quality in the classroom, the chances are slim that laymen will be able to impose it from outside. There is probably one, and only one, way in which school board members can guarantee quality in the schools for which they are responsible. They can hire men who share their ideals, and have the competence to make them reality. If a school board hires men who, in Mr. Smith's phrase, "exalt mediocrity over excellence," then the Board has only itself to thank for a ninth-rate school system. If it then tries to civilize these men by telling them what to teach, and how to teach it, and by trying to impose values in which the teacher does not believe, the school board is not likely to "guarantee quality." It will more likely lower faculty morale, drive talented teachers elsewhere, and reduce its schools from ninth to twelfth-rate.

Of course it is easier to try to reform the present staff than to hire a better one, because gifted and ambitious teachers would be expensive. If a school board wanted a faculty in whom it could have confidence, composed of talented and energetic men instead of rejects and laggard brides, the salary scale would have to approximate that in other professions (roughly double the present level). Most school boards prefer to pretend that schools can be run like any other government agency, with the "citizens" in their infinite wisdom establishing policies, and with civil servants in their infinite poverty carrying these directives out. This strategy may work in running a jail, or a farm program, or a garbage collection, but it is hard to think it will work in education.

I would quarrel with Mr. Smith's choice of his audience for another reason. There is a lot of sense in his "manual." It is written with vigor and style and often with insight. But there are so many problems glossed over, and so many instances of simple nostalgia, that the book is likely to lead the layman badly astray. For the man with classroom experience, on the other hand, the book is a valuable reminder of many things sometimes forgotten in the daily grind. Mr. Smith writes, for example:

> "Our educational system is contributing in many ways to the weakening of English: by the official method of teaching reading, which is bound to produce a large proportion of adult non-readers; by the neglect of concentrated practice in written expression; by a slighting of the great literature of the past, including poetry, which could give a student a sense of the beauty and color and rhythm of his language. . . . But above all our troubles seem to come from the fact that the official guardians of English in the schools are largely persons who do not believe there is any body of correct English that deserves to be perpetuated from generation to generation."

The teacher can read the largely sensible first half of this passage, while discounting the second half as nonsense. If he is familiar with "the great literature of the past," he will realize that this literature is not written in any "body of correct English transmitted from generation to generation." He will know that while it might be nice for little Johnny to speak the tongue of Chaucer, Shakespeare, and Wordsworth, this hope has been defeated for centuries by the fact that these poets did not themselves speak the same language.

But what about the layman? Reading Mr. Smith he is likely to believe that English is worse-spoken in the mid-20th Century than it was fifty or a hundred years ago. He is likely to forget that in those great past days a large proportion of America could not speak English at all, and that except in areas where immigration continues, our schools, with all their defects, have surmounted our polyglot origins and contributed to the spread rather than the decline of English. Nor is the layman likely to realize that good prose has always been rare, even in centers of high culture.

Smith's analysis is plagued with such uncritical acceptance or admiration of

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the past. He believes, for example, that driver education is a waste of time, but that physical education has a legitimate place in the schools. Now it is possible to argue that both of these activities distract students and teachers from the main intellectual business of the school. But it seems to me impossible to argue that physical education is less of a distraction than driver education. Anyone who has been inside a school, or even talked to his adolescent children, knows that football is more of a threat to intellectual ambition than driver education. And anybody who has looked at statistics knows that driver education does more to reduce casualties than physical education does to improve health.

Even from the school board's fiscal perspective physical education is a hazard. Money spent for coaches could hire decent teachers, and money spent for gymnasiums could build the laboratories most schools claim they cannot afford. Driver education, in contrast, is one of the cheapest of educational programs. There is only one defense of physical education not available to driver education, and that is the one which, I suspect, influences Mr. Smith. Physical education existed when Mr. Smith was in school, whereas young drivers were allowed to slaughter themselves as they pleased. It's traditional.

Yet Mr. Smith is not all nostalgia or inconsistency. He writes:

> "There is a strange quirk in modern educational thinking which produces pessimism about the school's ability to teach such tangibles as geography, spelling, and reading, but optimism about ability to teach such intangibles as good citizenship and wise use of leisure time and to produce tolerant, well-rounded personalities. . . . It is easier to teach the multiplication tables and Latin declensions and English grammar than it is to teach appreciation of the democratic way of life, or toleration, or any number of other admirable but elusive qualities. It is doubtful if these latter things are directly teachable; if the teacher is a *good* person, the pupil can be trusted to absorb some of them by example."

Unfortunately, a layman cannot be counted on to circumscribe this admirable thought with the realization that to "teach" even a tangible like grammar is not to guarantee that grammar will be "learned." Most laymen have forgotten the grammar students who sat in the back of the room and never did learn the difference between a direct and an indirect object, but instead learned to hate writing, English teachers, and educated men. No teacher can forget such people, even if he tries, and he needs to be reminded that their situation is not necessarily improved when they sit in the back of the room watching people dressed up in medieval costumes reading bowdlerized versions of Chaucer.

All of which does not mean that Mr. Smith is, as his critics have sometimes charged, "an enemy of the public schools." He is no more an enemy of the schools than a 19th-Century British colonial secretary was "an enemy of the natives." Like the colonial secretary, Mr. Smith and his fellow conservative pessimists ardently desire to raise the cultural and social level of the primitives. But their patronizing attitude towards the school teachers, while certainly justified in most cases, has in the last decade produced a kind of professional parochialism in which outside proposals from colleges or from laymen get only the most limited audience within the schools, even when they combined good intentions with sound thinking. If Mr. Smith really wants to help school board members do their job, he might try writing a "manual" to help them select teachers worthy of their confidence, who would not have to be circumvented by appeals to the citizenry to monitor the classroom.

THE CAMPAIGN AND ITS LITERATURE

But the Governor Regrets He's Unable . . .

Here is another book dealing with Nelson Rockefeller, the fourth – counting as one Stewart Alsop's half-book, the other half being devoted to Nixon – that has come under this reader's eye since the first of the year. In view of the presumably defunct condition of Mr. Rockefeller's candidacy, this is a marvel

Nelson Rockefeller
by Joe Alex Morris
(Harper; $5.50)

comparable to that mentioned in the ancient Southern nursery rhyme:

> Never see the like since I been bawn –
> The people keep a-comin' and the
> train done gone!

The publisher's blurb asserts, however, that Mr. Morris actually started work on this book in 1950, hence it antedates, as well as post-dates the candidacy, and perhaps should not be classified as a campaign biography. There is also internal evidence to that effect; the work is much more carefully put together than the usual quicky, and from time to time it is mildly critical, which is most unusual in a campaign biography.

Nevertheless, it is a vigorous presentation of Rockefeller's qualifications for the Presidency. It is more than vigorous, it is impressive. The man's career in Washington, under two Democratic Presidents and one Republican, affords the biographer an ample supply of good material and Mr. Morris makes good use of it. He boldly claims for Rockefeller chief responsibility for the admission of Argentina into the United Nations in 1945, when Truman was President, and for Eisenhower's "open skies" proposal at Geneva ten years later. He also stresses Rockefeller's insistence on higher taxes as Governor.

All three are controversial. As Mr. Morris (author of "Those Rockefeller Brothers" and various cognate magazine articles) has come to resemble a sort of household Skald of the Rockefeller clan, it is beyond belief that he juggled this dynamite without the knowledge and consent of the subject; which is fairly conclusive evidence that whatever else he may be, Nelson Rockefeller is no limber jenkens.

All told, the book is first-rate propaganda. Refurbished and up-dated it may be destined to be effective in 1964.

GERALD W. JOHNSON

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The Gulf Between East and West

by Susan M. Black

In the last paragraph of E. M. Forster's *A Passage to India* (1924) an Indian and an Englishman ride together on horseback. They voice their desire to be friends and yet friendship is impossible. The earth doesn't want it (it sends up rocks through which riders must pass single file); other important people and landmarks will not have it (they say so in their hundred voices); not even the horses want it (theirs is a silent but no less effective protest: they swerve apart).

The Childish Brides
by M. P. Deane
(Doubleday; $3.95)

Says the sky, by way of a closing line, "No, not yet, No, not there."

To read *The Childish Brides* is to be told that time has stood still, for the Deanes (Philip and Molly) show us that 36 years have done nothing to bridge the social and mystical gap between Orient and Occident.

Their novel, to quote one of those oh-too-rare instances of honest copy on a book jacket,

> "... is the story of an American couple in India – a place where Richard Gavin and his wife Helen were to come to know the tragedy of a people they could never understand.
>
> "Richard Gavin had spent an adulterous week with a free-lance photographer named Cecile. When his wife heard the truth she made Richard agree to a penance he should never have accepted: to take an Indian family (Krishna and Koonti) to a religious festival where they hoped to have their baby cured of what Richard knew was an incurable ailment. Instead of a miracle, they encountered disaster."

Here it all is – in 50 easy lessons, or rather 50 easy characters – the small Anglo-American community and the Indians they meet – Indians who belong to different social and intellectual strata and generations; Indians who practice different professions and some non-practicing students whose classroom is the Coffee House; lepers, rejected by their own; a moneylender and pawnbroker or two who cheat their own; urchins who for 4 annas – one per tire – watch over your parked car so that it may be safe from themselves. There is one family to show us Indian customs, culture and character (weddings, hierarchy, pride despite poverty); there is one spokesman per political or philosophical point of view: neutrality, bucolic utopianism, the nature of foreign aid required by India, the decadence of her arts.

Here is India (caste system, superstition, famine) in 50 exemplary incidents and pieces of dialogue. To wit: the following about the mission from Harvard sent to teach Indian women (who can't count up to 20, let alone 28) the rhythm system:

> "They gave the women necklaces with twenty-eight wooden beads painted green for safe and red for danger, but the women said wooden beads were for cows and wouldn't wear them.
>
> " 'How typical.'
>
> "And as the beads lay on the floor the children disarranged them or the husbands advanced them whenever . . . whenever they wanted to advance them."

The novel's good humour is almost as striking as its simplicity. The authors do not evade the ugly (we are treated to the bloody death of one elephant as well as to the silently screaming death of over a million Indian believers) but they do not dwell on it. Mr. Deane is the gentleman who spent thirty-three months in a prison camp and whose fine book, *I Was a Captive in Korea*, is no less remarkable in its ability to deal forthrightly with horror while giving us occasional glimpses of courage and comedy.

All this in a style of writing in which no words are wasted but in which many are put together before one happens on a period. The first four sentences are 69, 39, 63 and 41 words in length. But like the 90-word wonder which follows them shortly, they capture the color, mystery and excitement of the moment; they read breathlessly, but well.

Novels are either major or minor as well as good or bad. *The Childish Brides* is a minor novel of the first order. It lacks the historical importance that *A Passage to India* enjoys by virtue of being published at a time when fictional descriptions of modern India and Indians were very rare. But it also lacks the literary importance to which Forster's book is entitled. Forster makes one incident–one set of Marabar Cave echoes – the focus of an entire set of moral concerns. By clarifying the why behind the impossibility of social communication he gave his novel thematic significance. *The Childish Brides* illuminates the surface but not the depths; it is successful on a social but not a spiritual level.

Which brings me to another characteristic of this novel: it is best when it describes minor characters as well as minor incidents: Rheka, the sick baby's grandmother and Andreas Yerakis, the satanic Greek proprietor of the hotel in Nepal which serves as the locale for Richard's marital infidelity, are brought off much better than the two childish brides and their childish husbands.

It is typical of *The Childish Brides*, whose whole is not as great as the sum of its many impressive parts, that its most profound expression of the spiritual gap between East and West is not set forth at its would-be Marabar Caves-type scene at the book's end, for here meaning sinks with people into the muddy confluence of the sacred Jumna, the holy Ganges, and the divine, invisible river Saraswati. The theme comes earlier, at the Coffee House before the pilgrims depart. When Richard tells an Indian student that Americans don't understand Indians simply because Indians don't explain themselves, he is answered with a question:

> "How can we explain? It isn't that we speak different languages, it is worse: your basic attitudes and ours are different. My grandmother, who is an ignorant woman, starts many of her sentences with the words 'one million years ago' or 'five thousand years ago' – five thousand and one million in the past, in the terms of a living human being's experience, are they really different?"

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MOVIES

Three Careers, Ascending and Declining

A Lesson in Love (Janus)
Sergeant Rutledge (Warner)
The Unforgiven (UA)

The store of early Ingmar Bergman films has not yet been exhausted. Last fall we were shown *Three Strange Loves* and *Brink of Life* – the former a murky little investigation of various kinds of sexuality, the latter a surprisingly conventional "cross-section" film of a maternity ward, distinguished only by the usual Bergman bonus of seeing members of his stock company in unexpected roles. (In this picture, for instance, the sprightly Bibi Andersson played a slattern, and Max von Sydow, the knight of *The Seventh Seal*, played a grinning, bouquet-bearing, working-class dad.)

A Lesson in Love, another early Bergman just released here, is not in sum much more satisfactory than those above but it has rewards in it. It is a commonplace "spicy" story, the sort of picture even the French don't make any more: a couple has been married 20 years, the husband begins to philander, the wife decides to have a fling with a former sweetheart, and the husband's consequent jealousy re-unites the couple. It is a stale idea, it meanders and sags, it treats trite situations with an awe appropriate to the birth of comic prodigies, but one can clearly recognize the handiwork of Bergman, using his camera with a kind of impatience, trying to peer closer and closer. He is here already irritated by the impossibility of showing all the strands of life at once and tries to compensate for it with dexterously interwoven flashbacks. "Interwoven" is hardly the word; Bergman uses abrupt cuts where others would use melting dissolves. But the effect is not jerky; it stings you visually to sharper awareness and also makes you conscious of the simultaneous existence of all of a person's experience at every moment of his life.

The wry worldly philosophy of the film is rather more laid on than evoked, and the story is predictable, episode by episode. But often there is a strikingly done scene, like that of the reconciliation of the couple walking along a Copenhagen canal, photographed in the twilight from the other side of the canal with the sound heard up close. And again we are given a chance to savor the range of Bergman's company. Here Gunnar Bjornstrand, the tight-lipped son of *Wild Strawberries*, is the complaisant, attractive husband. Bergman is lucky in his actors, and they are even luckier in him.

I hope that Bergman would now be dissatisfied with some of the Lubitsch clichés of this film's direction and script (which he wrote), with the heavy-handed comic apparatus which contains no "lesson" whatsoever. But, faults and all, this film and the two others mentioned, re-affirm a happy fact: a *man* is striding through the film world these days, making mistakes, learning and not learning from them, but always leaving the unique imprint of his inquiry. And his field of inquiry is the most interesting one possible: you and me.

From the beginnings of one career to the decline of two others: John Ford is one of the best directors Hollywood has produced, much better than the ridiculously over-rated George Stevens. (What has Stevens done to compare with *The Informer, Stagecoach, The Grapes of Wrath, The Long Voyage Home, Young Mr. Lincoln?*) The newest Ford film is *Sergeant Rutledge*, and it is not a cheerful occasion. Of late, as in *The Horse Soldiers*, Ford has been content to re-use in a tired way the metaphors he evolved when he was making fine, fresh Westerns. This is another cavalry Western and is concerned with a troop of Negro soldiers who fought in the Indian wars – one of those Army curiosities which James Warner Bellah is good at unearthing. There is not much vigor or new thought in the direction, and indeed some of the acting is allowed to fall well below minimal professional standards. The most noteworthy thing about the picture is extrinsic: twenty years ago this subject matter would not have been used. No one would have believed that there was an audience for a film in which a Negro sergeant is falsely accused of rape and murder, is vindicated and freed to ride off with his troop against the Indians.

It has become almost a ghoulish task to comment on a new John Huston picture. The latest is called *The Unforgiven*, is set in the Texas Panhandle in 1871, and is, in a word, ludicrous. One example: the Indians besiege the hero's house, are temporarily driven off, and retire over the hill to make war medicine with drums and flutes. Thereupon Burt Lancaster says, "We'll show them!"; he and his brother carry their piano out into the front yard and Ma (Lillian Gish) goes out and bravely plays Mozart to defy the redskins.

If one could take the film seriously, one would be disturbed by its curious race snobbism. (The plot hinges on whether or not an adopted daughter has Indian blood.) But it would be difficult to criticize this hodgepodge of crudely stitched sententiousness and lame story-conference inspirations, in which heavily emphasized early characters disappear and late entrants suddenly loom large. The direction shows a now-pathetic flash or two of old Huston quality, but for the most part it is feeble and disconcerted. That Huston could not get a good performance out of Lancaster cannot be held against him, but he has achieved what no other director has done: he has got a bad performance out of lovely, miscast Audrey Hepburn.

STANLEY KAUFFMANN

Why did 5 Who's Who in America medical professors endorse this book in letters with such terms as: "showing an extraordinary breadth of knowledge and also quite a remarkably imaginative approach to some of the many complicated problems"? Or, "You certainly have made a number of good points . . . Please accept my congratulations and best wishes upon your crusade against incurability"? Why did a famous surgeon write that he was in the midst of reading the book "with a great deal of pleasure — and much profit"? See
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THEATER

A "Director's Theater"

Machinal
by Sophie Treadwell
(Gate Theater)

It is commonly assumed that the American theater is a director's theater; yet Broadway, at present, can boast of only three or four directors who do consistently distinguished work, and even these are extremely limited in their range. For all the extravagant claims that are made for Elia Kazan, I do not think he can be seriously compared, as *un homme de théâtre*, with such contemporaries as Michel St. Denis, Jean Vilar, Jean-Louis Barrault, Giorgio Strehle, Bertolt Brecht, or the old Orson Welles. Let us pass by his notorious compulsion to inject hypodermics into everything he touches; Kazan simply has not directed a great enough variety of plays. Although he now possesses more freedom than anyone on Broadway, he has never progressed (unless you call *J.B.* progress) past the established American playwrights, and we have yet to learn how he would handle a great work of the past or a *truly* experimental *avant-garde* drama.

In consequence of this Broadway provincialism, neither he nor any other commercial director has had much opportunity to develop in scope or imagination. The dominant form of our theater – psychological realism – is appropriate to depth performances, but it forces the director to function primarily as an actor's coach. For while a director should always be subordinate to the play, the demands of illusion suggest that he disappear altogether. (One admires Arthur Penn, for example, because he is able to evoke true, unified, and meticulously detailed performances without signaling his presence at every turn.) In actual practice, of course, such unobtrusiveness is extremely rare – most directors in the realistic tradition not only impress their personalities firmly on a play but even strongly influence the quality and purpose of the script. Nevertheless, Broadway realism prohibits any audacious experimenting with style and with patterns of movement and speech.

As a result, American directors are not very impressive when they finally turn to plays of a less illusionistic nature. Kazan, apparently chafing in the iron maiden of realism, has lately been groping towards a kind of Federal Theater experimentalism without any particular distinction or originality; and Harold Clurman's intermittent collisions with French drama, when not downright disastrous, have seemed to me peculiarly vacuous, stagey, and static. It is no accident that when producers want a play produced with sweep and flamboyance they usually call on Tyrone Guthrie, or that our musicals – which employ non-illusionistic conventions of a debased kind – are coming more and more to be staged by choreographers. Of the three most imaginative productions of the past year – the Pro Musica's *Play of Daniel*, the City Center's *Seven Deadly Sins*, and the Piccolo Teatro Milano's *Servant of Two Masters* – none could conceivably have been staged by a professional Broadway director.

Off-Broadway, however, has been showing signs of discontent with the established directorial order. The Living Theater's production of *The Connection* – more "real" than anything uptown – embodies, in effect, a new style, developed in opposition to conventional realistic techniques; Jose Quintero's production of *The Balcony* is an interesting attempt to find a theatrical stance for the new French drama; and Gene Frankel's recent production of Sophie Treadwell's *Machinal* renders the familiarities of Expressionism in novel and striking form.

Let us dispense briefly with Miss Treadwell's 1928 play which is one of those banal tabloid stories, out of George Kaiser by Elmer Rice, about how a sensitive dish of cream is curdled in the age of the machine. The heroine, who can't seem to perform her duties with the robot efficiency of her office mates, marries her boss, a good-natured business type with the unfortunate habit of conversing in industrial maxims ("Haste Makes Waste"). Since he is rather gross and sensual, and prefers the blinds down when she likes them up, she becomes allergic to him, but nevertheless, bears him a child. This traumatizes her even more, so after she meets a smooth Lothario with a romantic past (he kills bandits in Mexico), she conks her husband with a bottle filled with pebbles. She is tried, convicted, and executed by a rigid and unsympathetic society which demands the submission of the individual.

Out of this airy nothing, Frankel and his companions have created a compelling theatrical experience which is as well orchestrated as a symphony and as imaginatively designed as a ballet. Aided by a gifted choreographer (Sophie Maslow), Frankel has given the play movement, grace, and focus, pacing each of the episodes with varying antiphonal rhythms to communicate its proper mood. Four Scene Changers, wearing black clothes, red rubber gloves, and black painted masks, dance lithely through the action, acting as Prop men, mute characters, and sinister

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Fates; actors pantomime activities like washing, filing, typing, drinking, phoning and ironing with remarkable accuracy; and brief overheard scenes are pasted one upon the other, like a collage, to create in simple deft strokes, the atmosphere of metropolis, office, cafe, courtroom, and execution chamber. Ballou, plastering the gunmetal proscenium with artfully arranged newspapers, has constructed a functional, geometric unit set, backed by a projection of a cold, metallic building; and H. Arthur Gilbert's special effects, along with Ezra Laderman's ominous brass music, give an eerie sense of the neurotic's heightened sensitivity to noise.

All this signifies a director who controls the performance as rigidly as an orchestra conductor, but most of the acting, nevertheless, is individual (while selective) and true: Dolores Sutton's bird-like, hysterical, vaguely catatonic heroine; Vincent Gardenia's slobbering, perpetually triumphant husband; Gerald O'Loughlin's slightly boorish, self-satisfied lover. With this production (as with his equally graceful, though more ineptly acted production of Stefan Zweig's *Volpone*), Frankel shows signs of becoming a real force in the Off-Broadway theater, for he has developed a sense of style and stage movement which is both original and faithful to the play. One might only wish, now that he has perfected his choreographic technique, that he will apply it to works more worthy of his talents. ROBERT BRUSTEIN

Correspondence

Interest Rates Meet Politics

Sirs:

Among the most unhappy affairs in recent years has been the marriage of naïve economics and politics. Out of this relationship has emerged the strangest national policies. Examples abound: balancing the budget at the expense of national defense and education; cutting foreign aid to stem the outflow of gold; refusal of Congress to raise the interest rate ceiling on long-term government bonds to force lower interest rates. In this last controversy, *The New Republic* (April 11), following consistently previous statements, has again rationalized the present Congressional inaction on raising the interest rate ceiling with questionable arguments.

1. The Congress has tried to force the Federal Reserve to reduce the market rates of interest by refusing to allow the Treasury to float new 5-year-and-over bonds at more than 4.25 percent interest. In support of this inaction you have offered several arguments against high interest rates: short-run policy of high interest rates has long-run effects on borrowers; to the extent borrowing is done by low income consumers, higher interest rates may involve some transfer of income from "those with relatively little to those of relatively much"; in addition, higher interest rates result in less construction by public authorities.

Why are higher interest rates pursued by the Federal Reserve System, it might be inquired, if these policies have such unfortunate consequences? It is clear the Fed sought to halt the continuous rise in prices. If we agree that the rise in prices might have been caused by increased effective demand (relative to supply) for various products, the consequences of a policy of higher interest rates would have been entirely desirable. Higher costs of borrowing to the extent that it leads to a postponement of purchases is precisely the policy that should be advocated in a so-called demand-pull inflation. With respect to the second point, it is clear that any borrowing at any interest rate by lower income groups from higher income groups effected through the banks or security markets involves some transferring of income. This is a consequence of any interest rate.

2. Market rates of interest *have* recently fallen below the legal ceiling. The Treasury can now float long-term securities; thus, you imply that the crisis is past and that the Administration was wrong to seek a raise in the ceiling. But, low interest rates often reflect decreased demand for funds by consumers and business; this, in fact, may be the reason currently for lower interest rates. Decreased demand for funds results in smaller consumer purchases and reflects reduced expansion plans by business. The present Congressional inaction, an absence of policy to which your journal subscribes, would result in the Treasury selling long-term securities in times of recession, and short-term securities in times of boom. This is exactly the opposite policy which most authorities in this field would advocate. The policy would tie-up liquid balances in a recession, leading to even less spending, and loosen funds in the boom period, intensifying inflationary pressures. . . .

3. You have suggested that the more equitable alternative to monetary policy in dealing with recession or inflation is to employ fiscal policy measures – varying tax rates and government spending. In a few sentences it is difficult to indicate the shortcomings of your position, but fiscal policy measures are difficult to enact as Congress has to approve all changes in tax rates and expenditures, and the timing of its impact is somewhat uncertain. In this process the consumers who pay the taxes may not be the beneficiaries. In addition, in the case of wage or profit inflation, increasing tax rate progression may be inappropriate, and, in fact, discriminate against non-culpable groups.

Money may come high for good reasons. Confining the Treasury to an interest range reduces its flexibility in dealing with various market situations and its ability to use its operations for policy purposes. If one is against high interest rates that is one thing; this can be fought on its own merits. But why support the Congress in a purely political maneuver, which compounds the difficulties of Treasury debt management, in the name of low interest rates?

Arthur M. Stupay
Lansdowne, Pa.

In Reply:

Mr. Stupay's analysis is based upon two assumptions which are far from the facts. The first is the implicit proposition that the recent rise in prices is substantially the effect of demand-pull inflation. This emphasis ignores the independent pricing role possible in most of American manufacturing by large companies. Administered prices frequently rise when demand is only moderate. They rise even when unemployment is substantial. Conventional monetary policies have little or no effect upon pricing by the big automobile, steel, chemical, and appliance companies.

Mr. Stupay appears to believe also in something like a perfectly competitive market for loanable funds, in which all borrowers compete on equal terms for scant supplies of cash. Again, this as-

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sumption departs very far from the facts. The same huge organizations which are capable of administering prices are also capable of retaining profits, and using them to expand if they so desire, without appeal to outside borrowing. Under such conditions, monetary policy is once more ineffective.

Hence it follows, as we have argued, that the burden of high interest rates falls substantially on small businessmen, ordinary consumers, and government units which lack the ability to construct shelters against them. The expansion of the first group is handicapped, the expenditure of the second group is penalized, and the capacity of the third group to use our resources more sensibly is impeded. Mr. Stupay is right when he says that high interest rates impede spending. He is wrong only in the implication that the restraint is fairly divided among the members of our society.

Everyone recognizes the difficulties of fiscal policy. But the sensible approach is an effort to make the community and Congress more receptive to speedy tax rate variations and alterations in public outlays. It is not to retain an inequitable and only partially effective technique on the ground that it is easy to manage such a technique.

Mr. Stupay suggests *The New Republic* is naïve in favoring retention of the interest rate ceiling. We are perfectly willing to grant that the technique of maintaining an interest ceiling is a clumsy one, but there is no alternative available, clumsy or deft, for anyone who believes that the effects of high interest rates have penalized the wrong groups and left untouched those who are best able to bear them.

Mr. Stupay's argument about when short- and long-term securities should be sold seems to assume that long-term bonds tie up the funds of the purchaser for the whole maturity of the security. This is not true. These securities are readily marketable. The liquidity argument has little to do with the case; and the opportunity to deduct interest payments from income tax means little to the person with a small income who in most cases takes the standard 10 percent deduction because itemization saves him nothing.

Robert Lekachman
Columbia University
New York, New York

Friends and Enemies of Chessman

Sirs:

John H. Sherman's letter on the Chessman case (April 11) contains several important errors. Sherman says, "Pittman shorthand presents little difficulty to skilled transcribers . . . Nobody has seriously challenged it [the trial transcript] but Chessman and his lawyers . . ." The facts: Justice Douglas E. Edmonds of the California State Supreme Court, since retired, said: "The judgments [against Chessman] are affirmed on a record that is admittedly not a complete transcript of the proceedings before the trial court."

Sherman says the Chessman case shows "the expense which the state and its courts will willingly incur in an effort to insure that no man shall be put to death so long as any reasonable doubt of his guilt shall exist." The facts: The state of California has not "willingly" acceded to any legal move made by Chessman. Not only has the state fought, which is its legal right, every Chessman appeal, but the judge who sentenced him and the prosecutor who convicted him denounced, upon occasion, court decisions in Chessman's favor.

Sherman says that Governor Brown's "reprieve was based upon his long-known opposition to capital punishment and the fact that a bill to abolish it was then pending in our legislature." The facts: A bill against capital punishment was not pending in the legislature. It was introduced after the reprieve.

Sherman twice makes a dire prediction of what could happen to Chessman if he is "paroled." The facts: There has been no suggestion of a parole. All that has been advocated is a commutation of his sentence to life imprisonment.

Sherman says, "Governor Brown has not, and has never had, the power to pardon Chessman." The facts: There has been no suggestion of a pardon.

Sherman expresses the opinion that there is no "cruel and inhuman punishment" in this case. He has a right to that view, but it poses this question: Is it not cruel and inhuman for California to postpone the execution of this man for "reasons of state" (*i.e.*, the President's trip to South America) and then execute him after the President has returned safely home?

Phil Kerby
Editor, Frontier
Los Angeles, California

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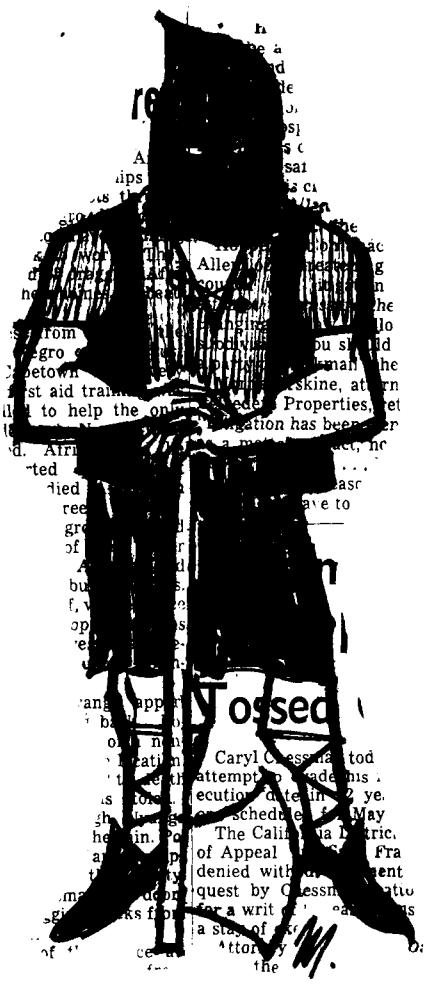
In the May issue of

The Chessman Case

A Study in Mass Deception

THE CALIFORNIAN

"If Chessman dies, he will have been killed by the press."



This is at once a new, vital approach overlooked until now and the end of all reporting on the Chessman case. It is written by a Los Angeles reporter, author of TV documentaries and magazine writer with more than a decade of experience in the news business. He has spent 30 hours in private conversation with Caryl Chessman. He has lectured and written widely on the Chessman case, capital punishment and criminological reform.

His article deals with the incredible distortions and lies about the Chessman case in the nation's press. It shows how the public has been duped into believing that Chessman is a killer and rapist, while neither is true. It documents the actual crime and sexual act for which Chessman has been sentenced to death. It disproves the widely publicized story that Chessman "took a mind" from a 17-year-old girl who was committed to a mental institution "shortly" after he forced her to perform this sexual act.

Altogether, this is the most compelling article ever written on the Chessman case. No rational human being can read it without understanding why Chessman's death sentence is a perversion of democracy.

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